

The History of

Prin. O my sweet beefe, I must still be good Angell to thee
the money is payd backe againe.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying backe, 'tis a double labour.

Pr. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do
it with unwast hands too.

Bar. Doe, my Lord.

Prin. I have procured thee *Iacke*, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that
can steale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii, or there a-
bout: I am hainously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for
these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I
prayse them.

Prince. Bardoll.

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Goe beare this letter to Lord *John* of Lancaster,
To my brother *John*: this to my Lord of *Westmerland*.

Goe, *Peto*, to horse: for thou and I

Have thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:

Iacke, meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive

Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,

And cyther they or we must lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! brave world! *Hofteffe*, my breakfast, come,
Oh, I could wish this Taverne were my drum.

Exeunt.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well sayd, my noble *Scor*, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not through flattery,

Such attribution should the *Douglas* have,

As not a Souldier of this seasons stampe,

Should goe so generall currant through the world:

By God I cannot flatter, I desie

The tongue of soothers, but a braver place

In my hearts love hath no man then your selfe,

Nay task me to my word, approve me, Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of honour,
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter one with letters.

Hot.

Henry th

Hot. Doe so, and 'tis well: w
but thanke you.

Mess. These letters come fr

Hot. Letters from him? w

Mess. He can not come, my

Hot. Zounds, how haz he

In such a jussling time? wh

Under whose government c

Mess. His letters beare his

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth

Mess. He did my Lord, fou

And at the time of my depart

He was much feard by his Pl

Wor. I would the state of tr

Ere he by sicknesse had bin vi

His health was never better

Hot. Sick now? droope no

The very life-blood of our

'Tis catching hither, even to

He writes me here, that inw

And that his friends by depu

Could not so soon be drawne

To lay so dangerous and dea

On any soule remov'd, but

Yet doth he give us bold ad

That with our small conjund

To see how fortune is dispo

For, as he writes, there is no

Because the King is certainly

Of all our purposes: what f

War. Your fathers sicknesse

Hot. A perilous gash, a very

And yet, in faith it is not his

Seemes more then we shall

To set the exact wealth of

All at one cast? to set so ric

On the nice hazzard of one

It were not good, for therein